



Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

**GET THE SCOOP,
GERONIMO!**



 **SCHOLASTIC**



Geronimo Stilton



Thea Stilton

**AND THE
LOST LETTERS**



 SCHOLASTIC



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CAVEMICE

**GET THE SCOOP,
GERONIMO!**



 SCHOLASTIC

**DEAR MOUSE FRIENDS,
WELCOME TO THE**



STONE AGE!

WELCOME TO THE STONE AGE . . . AND THE WORLD OF THE CAVEMICE!

CAPITAL: OLD MOUSE CITY

POPULATION: WE'RE NOT SURE. (MATH DOESN'T EXIST YET!) BUT BESIDES CAVEMICE, THERE ARE PLENTY OF DINOSAURS, WAY TOO MANY SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS, AND FEROCIOUS CAVE BEARS — BUT NO MOUSE HAS EVER HAD THE COURAGE TO COUNT THEM!

TYPICAL FOOD: PETRIFIED CHEESE SOUP

NATIONAL HOLIDAY: **GREAT ZAP DAY**, WHICH CELEBRATES THE DISCOVERY OF FIRE. RODENTS EXCHANGE GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICHES ON THIS HOLIDAY.

NATIONAL DRINK: MAMMOTH MILKSHAKES

CLIMATE: **Unpredictable**, WITH FREQUENT METEOR SHOWERS



MONEY

SEASHELLS OF ALL SHAPES
AND SIZES



MEASUREMENT

THE BASIC UNIT OF MEASUREMENT IS BASED ON THE LENGTH OF THE TAIL OF THE LEADER OF THE VILLAGE. A UNIT CAN BE DIVIDED INTO A HALF TAIL OR QUARTER TAIL. THE LEADER IS ALWAYS READY TO PRESENT HIS TAIL WHEN THERE IS A DISPUTE.

THE CAVEMICE



Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

**GET THE SCOOP,
GERONIMO!**



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MANY AGES AGO, ON PREHISTORIC MOUSE ISLAND, THERE WAS A VILLAGE CALLED OLD MOUSE CITY. IT WAS INHABITED BY BRAVE *RODENT SAPIENS* KNOWN AS THE CAVEMICE.

DANGERS SURROUNDED THE MICE AT EVERY TURN: EARTHQUAKES, METEOR SHOWERS, FEROCIOUS DINOSAURS, AND FIERCE GANGS OF SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS. BUT THE BRAVE CAVEMICE FACED IT ALL WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR, AND WERE ALWAYS READY TO LEND A HAND TO OTHERS.

HOW DO I KNOW THIS? I DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT BOOK WRITTEN BY MY ANCESTOR, GERONIMO STILTONOOT! HE CARVED HIS STORIES INTO STONE TABLETS AND ILLUSTRATED THEM WITH HIS ETCHINGS.

I AM PROUD TO SHARE THESE STONE AGE STORIES WITH YOU. THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE CAVEMICE WILL MAKE YOUR FUR STAND ON END, AND THE JOKES WILL TICKLE YOUR WHISKERS! HAPPY READING!

Geronimo Stilton



WARNING! DON'T IMITATE THE CAVEMICE.
WE'RE NOT IN THE STONE AGE ANYMORE!



CRAAASH!

It was a quiet morning in late summer. The **SUN** hung like a wheel of cheddar in the sky. The clouds played catch with one another, and the **flags** swayed gently in the chilly breeze in the harbor of Old Mouse City. The village was **buzzing** with excitement about the **RODENT RAFT RACE**, a thrilling Stone Age rafting competition.

I, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**, was especially excited. I am the publisher of *The Stone Gazette*, the most famous newspaper in the Stone Age (probably because it's the only one!), and I was planning a **SPECIAL EDITION** about the race.



It was almost time for the rafts to shove off. I was **hanging around** the pier looking for a **scoop** with my assistant, **WILEY UPSNOOT**.

“Boss! Look!” he cried.

“Shh, Wiley, I’m busy!” I snapped. “And please don’t call me **boss**. Okay?”

“Okay, boss, sure,” Wiley said. “But it looks like the weather is **changing**. Look over there!”

“We’re not here to watch the **weather**,” I said. “We’re here to wor —”



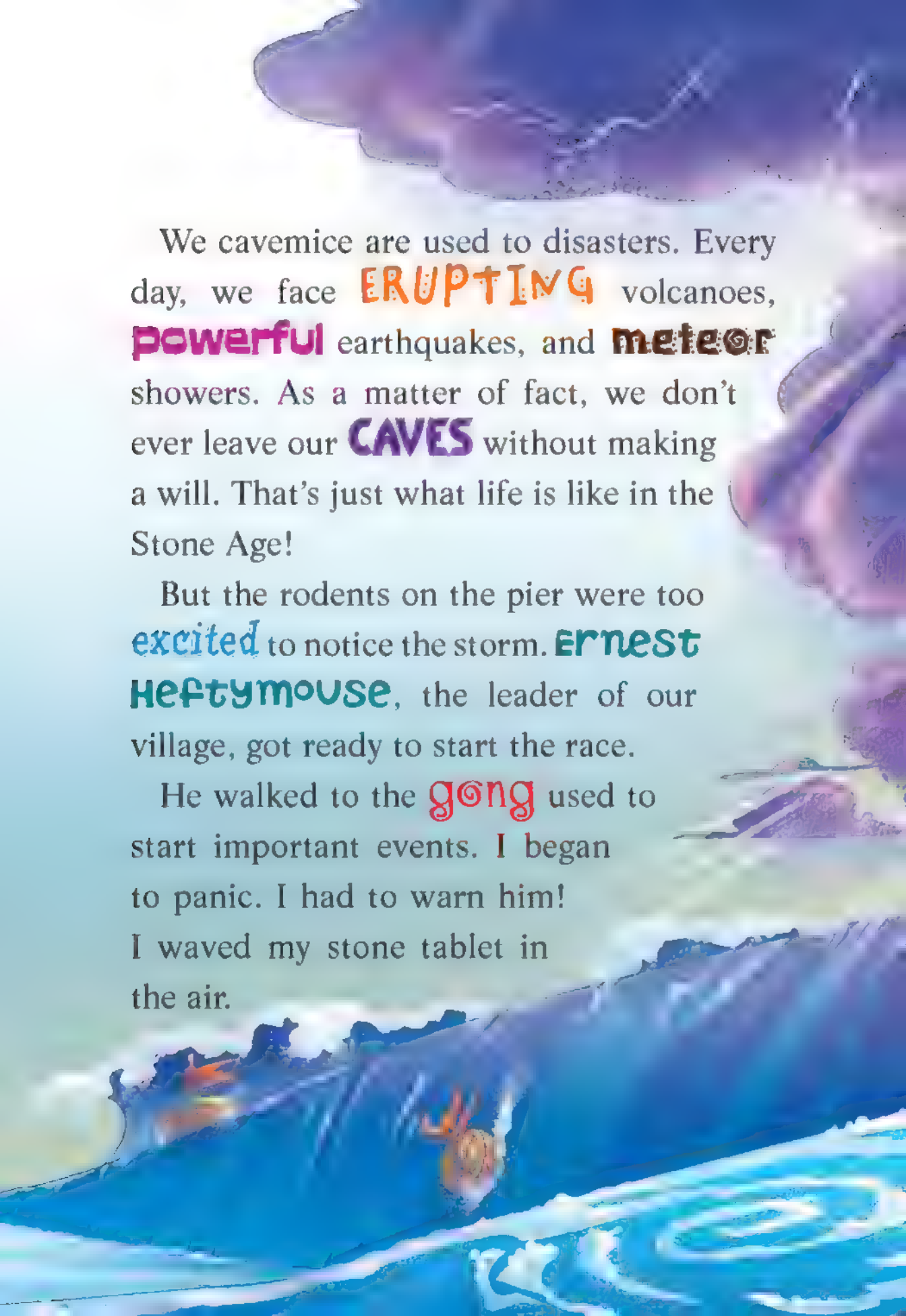
PETRIFIED CHEESE!

I suddenly noticed that Wiley was right! The sky had become dark — very dark. The big, fat clouds weren't playing nicely anymore. They were moving fast — very fast. A **WIND** of megalithic proportions was sweeping over the sea.

The waves began to **churn**, and they rose up tall — very tall. Then the giant waves charged right toward the pier!

**TRUMPETING TRICERATOPS! I HAD
NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!**

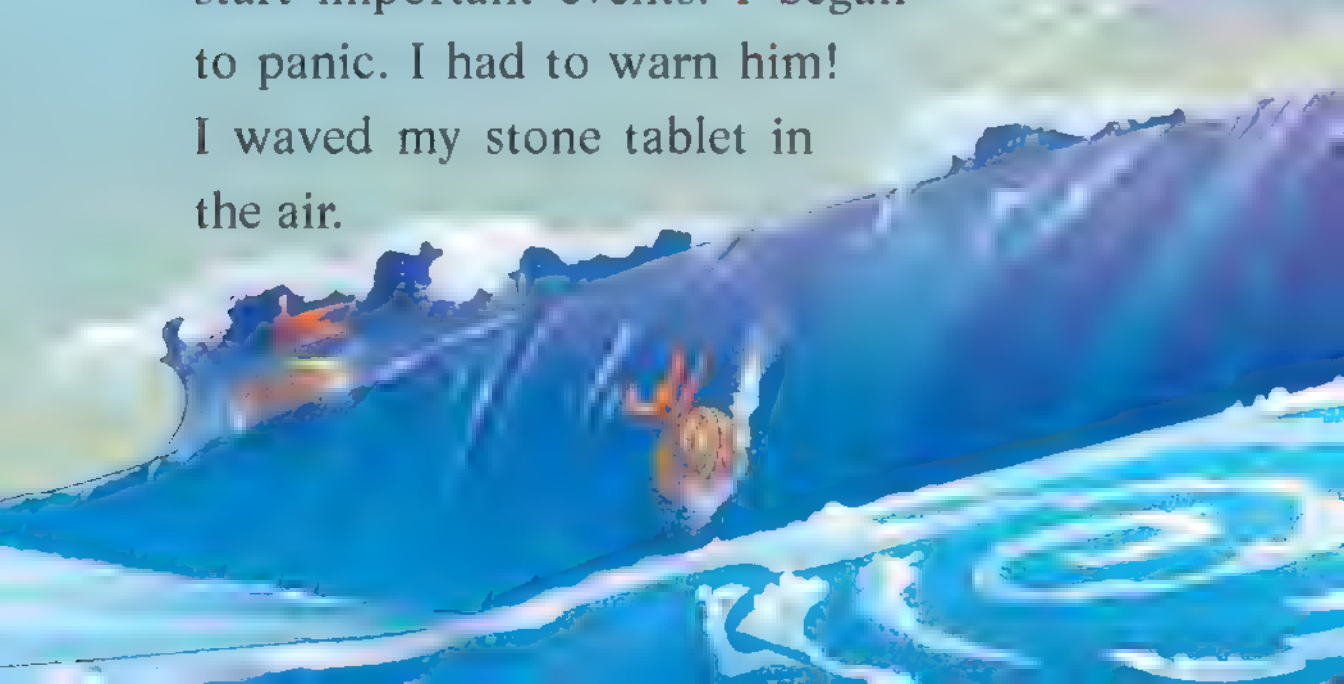




We cavemice are used to disasters. Every day, we face **ERUPTING** volcanoes, **powerful** earthquakes, and **meteor** showers. As a matter of fact, we don't ever leave our **CAVES** without making a will. That's just what life is like in the Stone Age!

But the rodents on the pier were too **excited** to notice the storm. **Ernest Heftymouse**, the leader of our village, got ready to start the race.

He walked to the **gong** used to start important events. **I** began to panic. I had to warn him! I waved my stone tablet in the air.



Let the race
begin!



WHOOOOOSH!

A gust of wind swept across the bleachers.
My stone tablet flew from my paws.

CRAAAASH!

Ernest looked at me, annoyed.

I called to him. “Sorry, I just wanted to tell
you that —”

WHOOOOOOOOOSH!



A gust of wind, much stronger than the first, ripped the club from Ernest's paw. It flew up, up, up, and . . .

BONK!

. . . landed on my skull! Ouch! What a Paleolithic pain! Then . . .

WHOOOOOOOSH!

The wind knocked me over! I **toppled** off the pier and fell headfirst into one of the rafts.

I sighed with relief. (**Squeak!** At least I didn't end up in the water!) But that was the end of my good luck.

BAM! A wave hit the raft, sending me and the crew **SPLASHING** into the water.



Huh?

Hooray!

Ready?

Let's go!



BOING

Uh-oh!

May the best ...
...mouse win!

Grunt!



CRAAASH!

“Cavemice overboard!” yelled Ernest.

The **FIRST AID** team jumped in to save us. Ernest Heftymouse must have finally noticed the storm, because he announced, “A storm is coming! The Rodent Raft Race is postponed!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!”

THE STONE AGE RATITZER AWARD

I had just stepped onto the pier, when . . .

Plunk! plunk! Plunk!

Rotten ricotta! As if we needed **RAIN!** My fur was already soaked, and I didn't want to catch a **cold**. I darted under the shelter of a small **lean-to** with some other rodents who had taken cover from the rain. We crowded together and it was a tight fit — a very **TIGHT** fit. I had one rodent's knee in my ear, an **elbow** in my face, and a tail tapping my head. I **even** had whiskers in my eye!

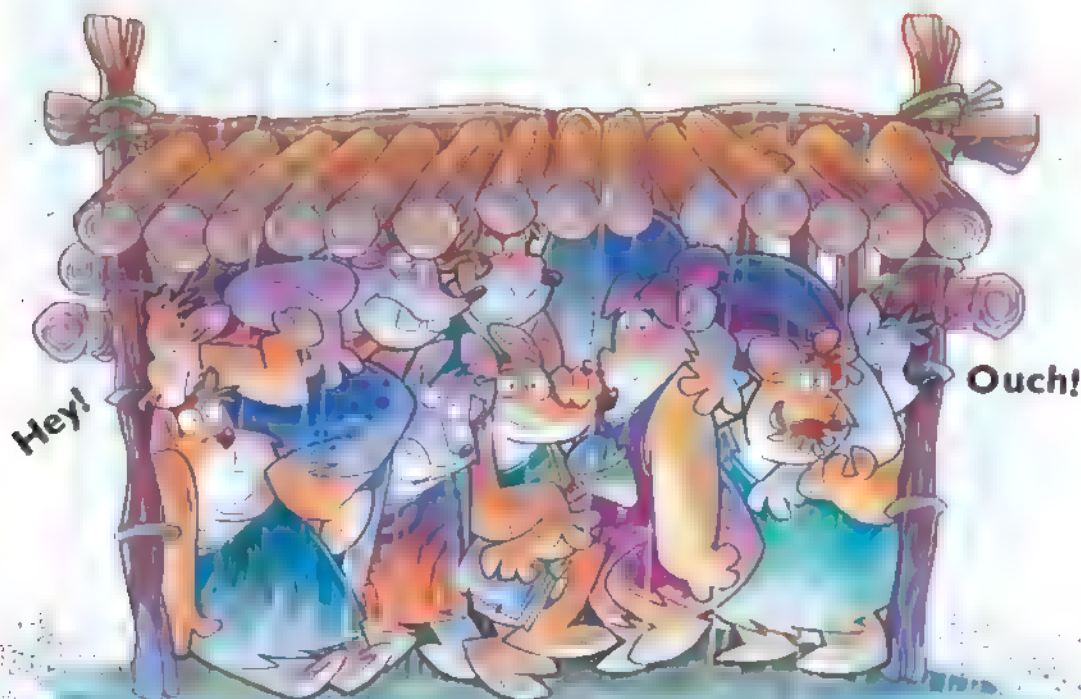
The conditions were tough, but I had to

keep working. I took out my spare **STONE**
TABLET. I began to **CHISEL** a story
about the race being postponed. I lifted
my hammer and . . . **BANG!** Instead of
hitting the tablet, I hit the knee of the rodent
next to me.

“**OUCH!** Watch out, will you?”

“Oops! Sorry,” I said.

I started chiseling again. **BONK!** I





accidentally hit someone's tail.

“**YIKES!** What's the matter with you?”

“Really sorry,” I said.

“That's it!” someone yelled. “Out of here, you troublesome cavemouse!”

“Out! Out! Out!” the others chanted.

They pushed me out and . . .

SPLASH!

I landed in a puddle of mud!

Then a screeching voice filled the air.

“MEGA-EXTRA-SPECIAL NEWS FLASH!”

It was Sally Rockmousen. She runs Gossip Radio, the most inaccurate, dishonest, and just plain fake news station in the Stone Age.

“Hear all about it! **Clumsy Geronimo Stiltonoot** causes cancellation of Rodent Raft Race!”

“What?” I exclaimed. That wasn’t true at all! It was not **MY fault** that the Rodent Raft Race was canceled. It was because of the terrible **storm** and the churning **waves!**

But sadly, that is how Gossip Radio works. Sally squeaks the news out loud, and it gets passed on by other rodents and **SHRIEKERS**, loud-beaked prehistoric birds. Someone will **SHOUT** it out, and then the next rodent or shrieker will **REPEAT** what he hears, and so will the next. By the time it gets to the last rodent, the news doesn’t make any **SENSE!**

I tried to find Wiley (where had he gone?) when I heard my friend Hercule Poirat’s voice.

“**Geronimo! Are you okay?**” he asked.

“Actually, not real —”

“Yes, I heard!” Hercule interrupted me.

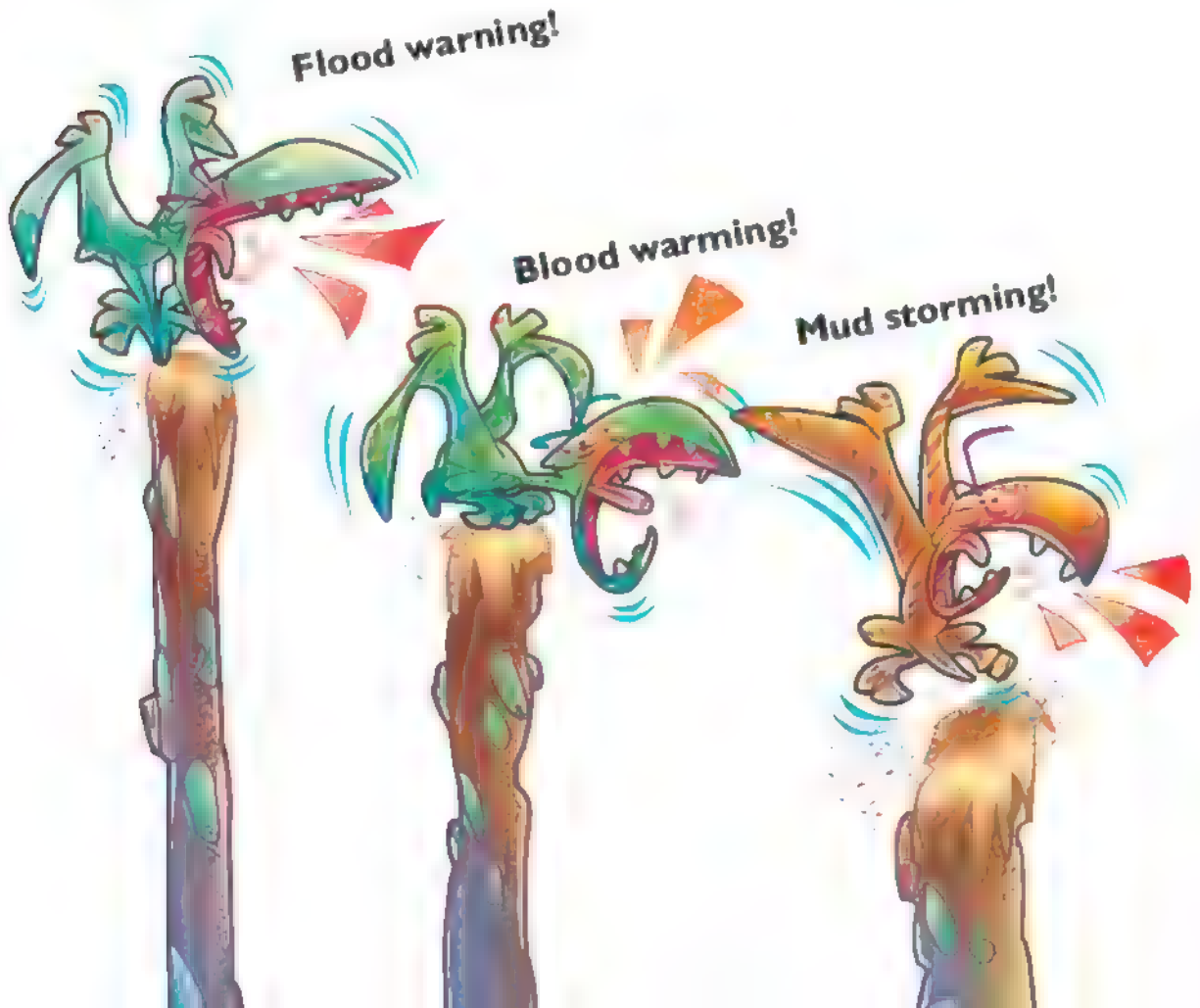


“Those shriekers are piercing my eardrums.”

I frowned. “Sally doesn’t seem to care what she makes up so long as she wins the **STONE AGE RATITZER AWARD.**”

“What’s the Ratitzer?” Hercule asked.

“Don’t you know? It’s the **AWARD** for the best prehistoric news reporting,” I told him.



Hercule nodded. “There’s no way that Sally can win that. She only reports **fake** news!”

“I agree,” I said, and then sighed. “But her fake news gets everyone’s **attention**. I am afraid that Ernest Heftymouse will present the award to her tonight. I need to break a **BIG STORY** if *The Stone Gazette* is going to **win**.”

We headed back to the news office. To warm us up, I fixed us two cups of **steamy** hot cheese, the favorite drink of **chilly** cavemice.

Ah, how cheesily delicious!

The warm drink was exactly what I nee —

WHOOOOOOOSH!



Before I could take a sip, the door **BURST** open. In came a gust of rain along with my sister, Thea. She was riding her autosaurus, a velociraptor named Grunty.

"GERONIMO!
WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE!"



AAACHOOO!

“What do you mean, **THEA**?” I asked as I tried to make myself smaller and smaller and smaller. Before she could answer, Grunty **exploded** in a deafening sneeze that sprayed my whole face.



"AAH . . .
AAH . . .
AAACHOOO!"
YUCK!



“We need to find a **big news scoop**, fast!” Thea exclaimed. “We can’t let Sally win the Stone Age Ratitzer Award!”

Truthfully, I didn’t really **care** if we won the award. It was more important to me to do a good job as a reporter. I always check all of my **FACTS** carefully! But for Thea, winning the Ratitzer was a **big deal**.

“Sally is a **fake**!” she scoffed. “She’s as **SLIPPERY** as melted cheese. She doesn’t care about the truth at all.”

“You’re right!” exclaimed Wiley, looking out from behind a stack of **STONE TABLETS**.

“Wiley? Where have you been?” I asked.

“I was right in front of





you, **boss!**" Wiley replied.

I frowned. "Don't call me **boss!**"

Wiley nodded. "I'll never call you boss again, **boss!**"

"Listen, Ger," Thea said.

"This situation is very serious. Our reputation is at stake. **WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!**"

Then her eyes got wide and she ran to the window.

We followed her and peered outside . . .

Ooooh!

Look!



“Mousetastic!” cried Hercule.

A beautiful rainbow stretched across the sky.

**It was a truly
spectacular sight!**

Just then we heard Sally’s voice screeching through the city. Her squeak was as irritating as a pterodactyl with a sore throat.

***“NEWS FLASH! THE BASE OF THE RAINBOW
HAS BEEN DISCOVERED IN OLD MOUSE CITY!”***

Thea, Hercule, and I exchanged an amazed look.





AAACHOOO!

THE BASE OF THE RAINBOW ...
DISCOVERED?
HOW WAS THAT
POSSIBLE?

“Fascinating! Let’s go see it,” said Hercule.

“Wiley, stay here and get the tablets ready,”
I said. “We’ll be right back with —”

“A whisker-licking-good **scoop!**”
Thea finished for me.

We took off like a bolt of **LIGHTNING**,
searching for the base of the rainbow. Grunty
followed us, sneezing all the way.

Moldy mozzarella!

My fur was getting soaked.

“Grunty, if you don’t stop sneezing on
me, I’ll **flatten** you like a grilled cheese
sandwich!” I told him.

SCOOP OR FLOP?

We **RACED** through the village, but we didn't see the base of the rainbow — or a single mouse.

GREAT ROCKY BOULDERS! WHERE WAS EVERYBODY?

It was very odd. We made our way to the park in the center of Old Mouse City. There we found Ernest Heftymouse arguing with **SALLY ROCKMOUSEN** in the middle of a massive crowd of rodents. Sally's **shrill** squeak rose above all the others.

Sally's shrieks can **SHATTER** granite! I put my paws over my ears, but I heard her anyway.

SALLY ROCKMOUSEN

FIRST NAME: SALLY

LAST NAME: ROCKMOUSEN

FAVORITE COLOR: PUTRID
PINK

PERSONALITY: LOUD

FAVORITE EXPRESSION:
"NEWS FLASH!"

PROFESSION: HOST OF GOSSIP RADIO, THE
FAKEST NEWS SOURCE IN OLD MOUSE CITY

HOBBY: PLOTTING AGAINST HER GOOD-
NATURED RIVAL, GERONIMO STILTONOOT!





“Here we are!” announced Sally. She pointed to three nervous-looking cavemice behind her. “According to my witnesses, the **rainbow** was resting right on this stone. When the rainbow vanished, its **COLORS** remained on the rock. You can see it with your own eyes!”

“h!”

Everyone was squeakless. Sally appeared to be telling the **truth**.

The huge slab of stone in front of Sally was smeared with **COLORS**. In fact, the colors looked wet. Thea, Hercule, and I looked at one another. We were all thinking the same thing: **HOW STRANGE!**

Ernest questioned the three witnesses. “So you all saw the rainbow leave its **COLORS** on this rock?” he asked.



What?

?!

It's the base
of the rainbow!

Oooh!

Wow!



They didn't reply, and I noticed them hiding their paws behind their backs.

HOW VERY STRANGE!

Then Sally nudged them, and the three mice spoke up.

"Uh, yep, we were here!"

"Yeah, right here!"

"We were here, there, and over there!"

HOW VERY, VERY STRANGE!

Sally's goons didn't convince me one bit! They easily could have **smeared** the slab with their own paws. But how could I prove it?

"Are you lying so that Sally will win?" Thea asked them. **"COME ON! TELL THE TRUTH!"**

"Don't listen to her!" Sally shouted



angrily. “Thea, you’re just jealous of the **Success** of Gossip Radio!”

Before Thea could protest, Ernest chimed in.

“Sally may be right. *The Stone Gazette* hasn’t had any big stories lately,” he said. “And with this kind of news, Gossip Radio





is a whisker away from winning the **STONE AGE RATITZER!**

Sally laughed. “Ha! Did you hear that, you **SLAB** chisellers? You’re doomed!”

The crowd of rodents cheered and applauded loudly. Sally smiled a **WICKED** smile.

“**Bouncing bananas**, she’s such a show-off!” Hercule said. “But we’ll show her. Isn’t that right, Geronimo?”

I nodded. Before, I hadn’t cared about winning the Ratitzer. But now I *had* to win. My pride was on the line.

**FOSSILIZED FETA, SALLY WAS
NOT GOING TO GET AWAY
WITH THIS!**



HUNTING FOR A SCOOP

Deep in thought, we returned to *The Stone Gazette's* headquarters. Hercule was furious.

"That Sally is not a journalist. She's a fraud!" he cried.

"YOU'RE RIGHT! AND WE WILL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF HER DECEPTION!" cried Thea.

The thought of going after Sally made my whiskers **quake**. I have seen her when she's angry. She could **crush** me like a brontosaurus stepping on a bug!

"Um, maybe going after Sally isn't the best plan," I said.

"What? Are you just **giving up**?"



Thea asked angrily.

“No!” I said. “I mean, maybe we just need to find a good story. A good, **HONEST** story.”

Thea nodded. “Of course! That’s exactly what we need to do. We’ll find a terrific news story, and then that big **phony** Sally won’t win the Ratitzer.”

“Um, but how can we find a big story so





soon?" I asked. "It's not like one will just **FALL** out of the sky."

"Unless there's a **meteor shower**," Hercule piped up.

"Think positive, Geronimo!" Thea demanded. She **SLAPPED** me on the back with the force of a boulder. (Boy, she really wanted to win!) "You and I are Stiltonoots. We have a **nose** for news. So let's get out there and start **sniffing**!"

When Thea sets her mind to something, there is no way to stop her. And **Hercule** was just as determined. So when Thea **scampered** out onto the street with Hercule at her heels, I knew I had to follow them.

"Where should we **sniff** first?" Hercule asked. "Old Mouse City is a big place. News could be hiding anywhere."



“Hmm,” Thea said, and then her eyes lit up. “I know. Let’s go to the **Rotten Tooth Tavern**! Maybe our cousin Trap has something delicious to tell us.”

“Good idea,” Hercule agreed.

“This is a **great plan**,” said Thea as we walked. “As Geronimo said, we can’t expect news to fall from the sky.”

SPLAT!

A ripe tomato hit me right in the face!

Not far from Trap’s tavern, a small crowd of rodents was **tossing** every kind of vegetable at a very short, very fat, **well-dressed** rodent.





Uh-oh!

Shame on you!

Gulp!

Boooooo!



La-la-la-squeeeek!

Terrible!



“That’s **Rocco Caruso**, the famous opera singer!” said Thea.

Thea didn’t have to tell me who he was. Rocco is known by every rodent in the Stone Age! His powerful **Voice** is loved throughout the prehistoric world. But something was wrong. The crowd was angry, and Rocco was standing on the stage, looking **sad** — very **sad**. And he was as **quiet** as a mouse.

“What happened?” Hercule asked.

A mouse with a pawful of rotten cabbage answered him.

"What happened is that Rocco can't seem to sing! As soon as he opens his mouth, only squeaks and whistles come out!"



"SHAME ON YOU! WE PAID FIFTY SEASHELLS TO HEAR YOU!"

yelled a rodent as he hurled a **ROTTEN** eggplant at the poor opera singer.

Rocco looked so **embarrassed!** He cleared his throat and tried to sing his song once more.

La-la-la-eeeeeeek!





♪ "I love you more than ♪
♫ ma-ma-ma-mozzarella! ♪
Please let me be your ♪
♪ special fa-fa-fa-fella!" ♪

He got the words out this time, but his voice was awful. He sounded like a brontosaurus with a **bad cold!**

"This could be the big **news story** we need," Thea whispered to me, but right then we heard . . .

"NEWS FLASH!"

It was Sally, screaming like a pterodactyl from the top of Gossip Radio's rock.

"The famouse opera singer Rocco Caruso has lost his voice! There's a **huge reward** for the rodent who finds it!"



How could this happen? I couldn't believe it. That big fake Sally had snatched our fabumouse piece of news **right out of our paws!**

GRANDMA'S CURE

“Bones and stones!” I cried. “That’s just not fair.”

Thea looked thoughtful. “Hmm. I have an **idea**. Follow me!”

We **DUCKED** flying vegetables as my sister led us up to the stage. Rocco had climbed down and was hiding behind it, trying to clean his **FUR**. He looked so miserable.

Thea approached him, her big **VIOLET EYES** full of sympathy.

“Maestro Caruso, we are big admirers of yours,” she began. “We are so sorry about your **voice**. We would love to cheer you



up. Will you join us for dinner?"

SURPRISED, the opera singer cracked a smile.

"I do feel a little hungry . . . *EEK!*" he replied.

At least, that's what I think he said. His voice was **CRACKING** and **squeaking** terribly, and he was difficult to understand.

**"WHAT DID HE SAY?
THAT HE'S HUNGRY?"**

Hercule asked. "It's too bad he got pelted by rotten veggies. At least the angry crowd could have thrown some double-cheese **PIZZAS**, or barbecued ribs, or **cheese balls**, or something."

"EEK! I will gladly accept your invitation," Rocco said as he rubbed his belly. "Well then, la-la-la-let's go to da-da-da-dinner!"



Hercule nudged me. “What’s he saying? I can’t **understand** a word.”

“Shhh!” Thea warned. “Rocco is very **TOUCHY**. He said he’ll join us for dinner, and that’s exactly what we need for my plan to work.”

Hercule and I both nodded. I was very **CURIOUS** to see what Thea had in mind.

We led him to the Rotten Tooth Tavern and found a table inside. My cousin Trap brought us a **MENU**, and Rocco licked his lips as he looked at it.

“La-la-la-let’s see!” he said. “I would like a dish of grilled peppers with **blue cheese sauce**, twenty pterodactyl **eggs** — why don’t we make it twenty-one? An extra is always better. And a platter of Jurassic **cheese balls**, and a salad with **cheese croutons**.”



“What? No dessert?” asked Hercule sarcastically.

“Of course! Dessert!” Rocco said.

He eyed the menu once more. “La-la-la-let’s end this delicious meal with two strawberry **Cheesecakes** and some **cheese cookies**! Yes, that should da-da-da-do it!”





“Are you sure that’s enough?” Hercule asked.

“Not really. This a very la-la-la-light dinner!” Rocco said. Right away he began chowing down.

Chomp, chomp, chomp!

Rocco devoured the food like a **SABER-TOOTHED TIGER** tearing apart prey and finished it all in record time. After he was done, I saw Thea whisper something in Trap’s ear. He **scampered** into the kitchen and returned with three mugs of steaming liquid.

“This is our **house specialty stomach settler!**” he announced.

Hercule and I tasted it first.

“Yum,” I said as it slid down my throat. The brew was very warm, very sweet, and . . .

VEEEEEEEERY SPICY!



My mouth was on **FIRE!** My face turned **bright red.** I ran between the tables until I found a pitcher of **ICY** water and dunked my snout right in it. Hercule ran out of the tavern like a **lightning bolt** and dove off the pier into the water!

But Rocco seemed to like the drink. Thea was grinning from ear to ear.

“Why are you so **happy?**” I asked her.

“Hee, hee! You mean





**SHAMAN
BEE**

you didn't recognize the drink?" my sister asked.

Then it hit me. "That wasn't Trap's stomach settler. That was Grandma Ratrock's cure for a **sore throat!**"

Thea nodded. "Right! It's her special recipe: scalding water from the **gurgling** geyser, a pawful of Paleozoic **hot pepper**, and a spoonful of **honey** from the famous shaman bees."

"What? **SHAMAN BEES?**" asked Hercule, returning to the dining room with soaked fur.

"They are rare bees that make honey with great **HEALING** properties," Thea explained.

"The honey is very spicy, but it is strong



enough to heal the sore throat of a **T. REX**,”
I added.

Thea grinned again. “If it cures Rocco,
then he will be able to **Sing** again. And
we’ll have the **scoop** before Sally does!”

Rocco drank every last drop of Grandma’s
cure. Then he set down his mug and let out
a burp that made the walls of the tavern
tremble.

BUUUUUUUUUUUUUURP!

“What a ba-ba-ba-burp!” he sang out,
and I gasped. His wonderful, deep operatic
VoicE was back!

“Excellent!” said Rocco. “Now I can sa-
sa-sa-sing!”

He began to **Sing out** perfect scales.

**“DO RE MI FA SOL
LA TI DO!”**



Thea quickly began to chisel out a story about Rocco's miraculous recovery. This time, we were going to beat out Gossip Radio for sure!

Rocco kept singing his scales, and the guests at the tavern applauded **loudly**. Then he burst into song again. This time, he hit a very, very **high note** at the end.

♪ "I LOVE YOU MORE ♪
♪ THAN BA-BA-BA-BLUE ♪
♪ CHEEEEEEEEEEEEESE!" ♪

The note was so high that every cup and plate in the tavern **shattered** . . . along with the stone slab that Thea was chiseling! Oh no! Our special edition was now in a **THOUSAND PIECES!**


"There goes our scoop." Thea sighed.



“Let’s hurry back to the office and **CHISEL** another one!” I said.

While Rocco kept singing, we raced from the tavern as fast as a **HURTLING** meteorite. But right as we got to the office, Sally’s voice was already screeching:

“NEWS FLASH!” Rocco Caruso finds his voice. Or did his voice find Rocco? Details in our next report.”



**STOP! DON'T
YOU DARE!**

Great rocky boulders! **Sally** had beaten us again! Things were looking **very** bad.

We stopped racing and caught our breath. We picked up some more **TABLETS** and then wandered away slowly. Thea helped Grunty blow his nose, and Hercule and I decided to take a rest under a palm tree. We were about to sit down when —

**"STOP! DON'T
YOU DARE!"**

The voice belonged to Professor Frank Flowerfur, the most famous botanist in Old Mouse City. He shook his head at us.

“Why does nobody pay attention to the



beauty that is right at their feet?" he grumbled. "You two were about to sit on the very rare **hardrock rose!**"

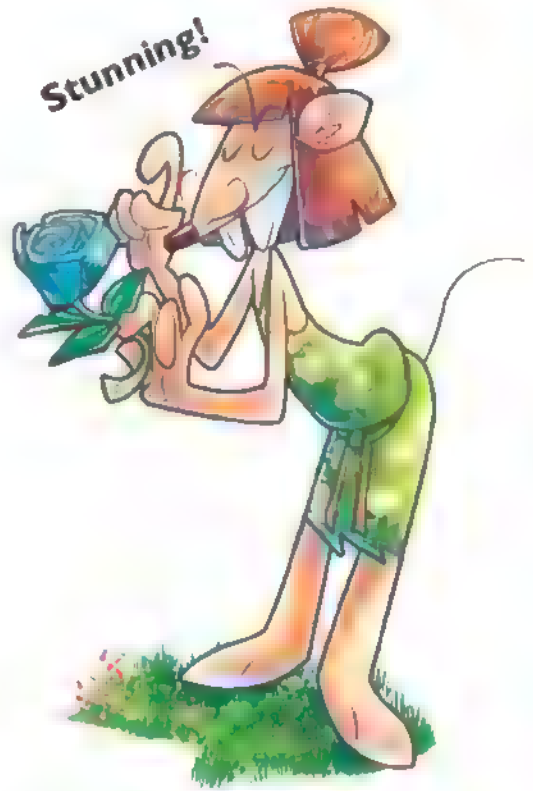
I looked down and saw some blue-gray roses **poking up** from the **grass**. They looked sort of shriveled.

Frank bent over them.

"Danger averted, my dear little roses."

"What makes these dried-up flowers so **special?**" Hercule asked.

Suddenly, a flower bent over and smashed Hercule's foot!



FRANK FLOWERFUR

"Ouuuuuuuuch!"



“It serves you right,” said Frank. “Hardrock roses have very **hard petals** and their feelings get hurt easily, so be **careful** what you say!”





That got Thea's attention. "These are very **special** flowers."

"That is true!" said Frank. "Hardrock roses normally grow only in the **Stinky Swamp**, the habitat of the saber-toothed tigers. It's the first time I've ever seen them in our village!"

"You seem pretty **excited** about that," I said.

"Of course I am!" Frank said. "The tigers use the petals to make their **clubs** stronger. Now we can do the same."

Thea lit up.

**"WOW!
THIS IS A GREAT SCOOP!"**

So my sister grabbed yet another stone **TABLET**. She **quickly** began to chisel the story so we could get the news out fast.



STOP! DON'T YOU DARE!



“Would you please grant us an **interview**, Professor Flowerfur?” Thea asked.

“Well, actually, I have already given an interview today,” he replied. “A rodent in a **pink** outfit came trampling through here before . . .”

We immediately knew who he meant.



"OH NO, NOO, NOOO!"

I cried.

A moment later, Sally's voice boomed through the village.

"NEWS FLASH!" she cried.
"Saber-toothed tigers' secret revealed! A flower as hard as **GRANITE!**"

WAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Incredible! Sally had beaten us to the story **AGAIN**. The **STONE AGE RATITZER** was going to be awarded in a few hours, and she was the clear favorite to win. Rats!





**WE WOULD NEVER WIN NOW.
WE WERE DOOMED! EXTINCT!**

We were about to slink back to the news office when we saw a group of cavemice running toward us.

"GET OUT OF THE WAAAAY!"

"WATCH OOOOUT!"

"MOOOOOVE!"





WAAAAAAAAAH!

Grunty and Thea **JUMPED** to the side of the road just in the nick of time. Hercule and I weren't so lucky. The wave of rodents **RAW RIGHT OVER US!**

"What's going on?" Thea asked the panicked crowd.

The mice stopped.

"THE ROCKS ARE GROWING!"

"THE ROCKS ARE JUMPING!"

"THE ROCKS ARE HOPPING!"

"Jumping rocks?" Hercule asked. "What are you talking about?"

The rodents started **babbling** all at once. We couldn't understand a single word they said.

"Bouncing bananas!" cried Hercule. "Calm down and tell us what happened!"



The oldest-looking mouse took a deep breath. “We work in the **QUARRY**,” he explained. “Come there with us and see for yourselves!”

Now, I don’t know if you’ve ever been to the *Old Mouse City* quarry, but it’s a vast, rocky area where we cavemice get all our **STONE**. We use the stone to build our huts and make useful items such as tools and bowls and many other things.

We followed the **quarrymice** to the quarry, and the old rodent pointed to a cluster of **LARGE STONES** sticking up higher than others.

“We had just finished our break when the stones began to **POP OUT** of the ground,” he said. “They were growing like **MUSHROOMS!**”

“And they weren’t just growing,” another



WAAAAAAAAAH!



rodent added. "They were **JUMPING, HOPPING,** and **SWAYING** back and forth!"

The rest of the workers nodded.

Thea nodded. "Stones that move! That could be a remarkable **scoop!**"

"But they aren't moving now," Hercule pointed out.

"Hmm," I said. "Let's stick around and **SEE** if they move. Maybe we can finally beat Sally to a story."

So we waited . . . and waited . . . and **NOTHING** happened.

"Yaaawn. Are you sure you saw them move?" asked Hercule.

"**YES!**" the mice insisted.



Thea sighed. “Bah! There’s **NO STORY** here.”

I plopped down on a big rock. “You know what? I’m peeved!” I **snorted**. “I’m hot, my snout is itchy, and there’s nothing happening here!”

And at that moment . . .

“WAAAAAAAAAAAAH!”





WAAAAAAAAAH!

"Come on, Geronimo. This is nothing to cry about," Hercule scolded.

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

"I-I-I'm n-n-not c-c-crying," I stammered, suddenly afraid. I turned as **PALE** as mozzarella.

Why was I afraid? Because I could feel the boulder underneath me start to **move**! It slowly pushed up from the ground.

WHAT WAS HAPPENING?

The boulder began to move some more.

**PETRIFIED CHEESE! WHAT
WAS GOING ON HERE?**



Everyone stared in amazement as all the stones suddenly began to jump up and down! I was bounced from one to another like a sack of Paleozoic potatoes.

It was **TERRIFYING** . . . and **PAINFUL**!

"HEEEEEEEEEEEELP!"

Grunt!

Huh?

Again?



Blasted bouncing boulders!
Heeeeeelp!



EARTHQUAKE! OR NOT?

One boulder crashed into another boulder, and then all the boulders toppled like **DOMINOES**. The first boulder made the second one fall, the second one made the third one fall . . . and the last one **crashed** into me and made me fall!

**BY THE GREAT ZAP! WAS I
ABOUT TO GO EXTINCT? I WAS
TOO YOUNG TO LOSE MY FUR!**

“Geronimo!” Thea yelled.

“I’m here!” I squeaked from under a pile of rocks.

I crawled out from under that pile of **debris** with dusty fur and **BUMPS** all over my tail. But I was **safe** and **sound**, at least. Of course, that didn't last long.



"You're **lucky** to be alive!" Thea said, looking around happily. She leaned toward me and Hercule and whispered, "The rocks really *do* move. **THIS IS A GREAT SCOOP!**"

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

"All right, who keeps crying?" I asked. Hercule had his ear against a pile of

loose **stones** at the end of the cave.
“Geronimo! The noise is coming from here!”
he exclaimed.

Thea and I **RUSHED** to him and we heard the noise, too. All of us quickly began to push aside the loose rocks. We moved boulder after boulder, slab after slab, and pebble after pebble. At that point the wailing stopped, and the ground began to **shake**.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Moldy mozzarella! An earthquake!

“**HEEEEEELP!**” I cried.

With my whiskers trembling in fright, I took cover under a big rock. Yes, I admit it; I’m a big **scaredy-mouse**! But can you blame me? It was an **earthquake**!

Or was it? When the ground stopped shaking, a creature popped up from the



ground. It was a **giant mole!**

Giant moles are large prehistoric creatures that live **underground**. They have powerful **claws** they use to dig long, deep tunnels. Giant moles have weak eyesight and can get disoriented very easily.

NOW I GOT IT!



I figured out why this mole was crying. He was **lost** and couldn't find his way home! The boulders in the quarry must have blocked his underground tunnels. Poor thing — he must have felt **TRAPPED**, so he dug his way to the surface. Then he really was trapped, until we helped him!

Intrigued, Thea, Hercule, and I slowly approached him. The giant mole might have been big, but he was also **adorable**!

When he sensed us near him, the mole stood up and **BURST** into a dance.

FOSSILIZED FETA!
HE WAS SO HAPPY!

“He must be glad that we dug him out,” I guessed.

Thea, on the other paw, looked beaten. I



had never seen her so low.

“So much for our mousetastic **scoop**,” she said. “Moving rocks is big news, but a lost giant mole is nothing special. In fact, it’s a big, fat **flop**! I’m starting to think that Sally is really going to **WIN** the Stone Age Ratitzer!”

THE BIG SCOOP

After we showed the giant mole which way to **DIG** to get out of the quarry, he dove back **underground**. It felt good to help him find his way back home, but we were back to square one. We needed a big **scoop** to beat Gossip Radio! So we said good-bye to the quarrymice and went back to the task of finding some sensational news.

**BUT HOW SHOULD WE TRY TO
FIND IT NOW?**

“We need to clear our heads,” I said.

“How about a **nice swim**?” Hercule suggested. “That should reenergize us.”



“And we can wash off this quarry **dust**,”
Thea added.

As we walked to the river, Grunty started
copying my moves, **MAKING FUN** of me.
What an annoying-saurus!

We stopped at a **secluded** place by the
river where the current was slow, the bottom
was clear, and the water was shallow. The





perfect spot for a little dip!

I scrambled down the riverbank. I was about to **JUMP** into the water with the agility of a dolphinosaurus when I slipped on a rock and bounced into the river instead!

★ ★ ★
OOOOUCH!
★ ★ ★
WHAT A JURASSIC PAIN! ★ ★ ★

Then I heard a voice behind me.
“Geronimo? Geronimo Stiltonoot?”

It was Leo Edistone, the village inventor.

“What are you doing here?” I asked him.
He chuckled.

**"SEE WITH YOUR
OWN EYES!"**

While Thea, Hercule, and Grunty **SPLASHED** happily in the water, I followed Leo Edistone to the **LEDGE** of a rock overlooking



the river. There I saw a huge tower of boulders with a **strange contraption** sticking out of the water nearby.

“How did you build a tower so tall?” I asked in astonishment.

Leo smiled. “I did it with my Boulder Builder.”

“**BOULDER BUILDER?**” I asked.

Leo walked over to the contraption and began to turn a crank attached to two **STONE** wheels.

“Thanks to the Boulder Builder, I can lift enormouse **boulders** with little effort,” he said.

He turned the **CRANK**, and a boulder

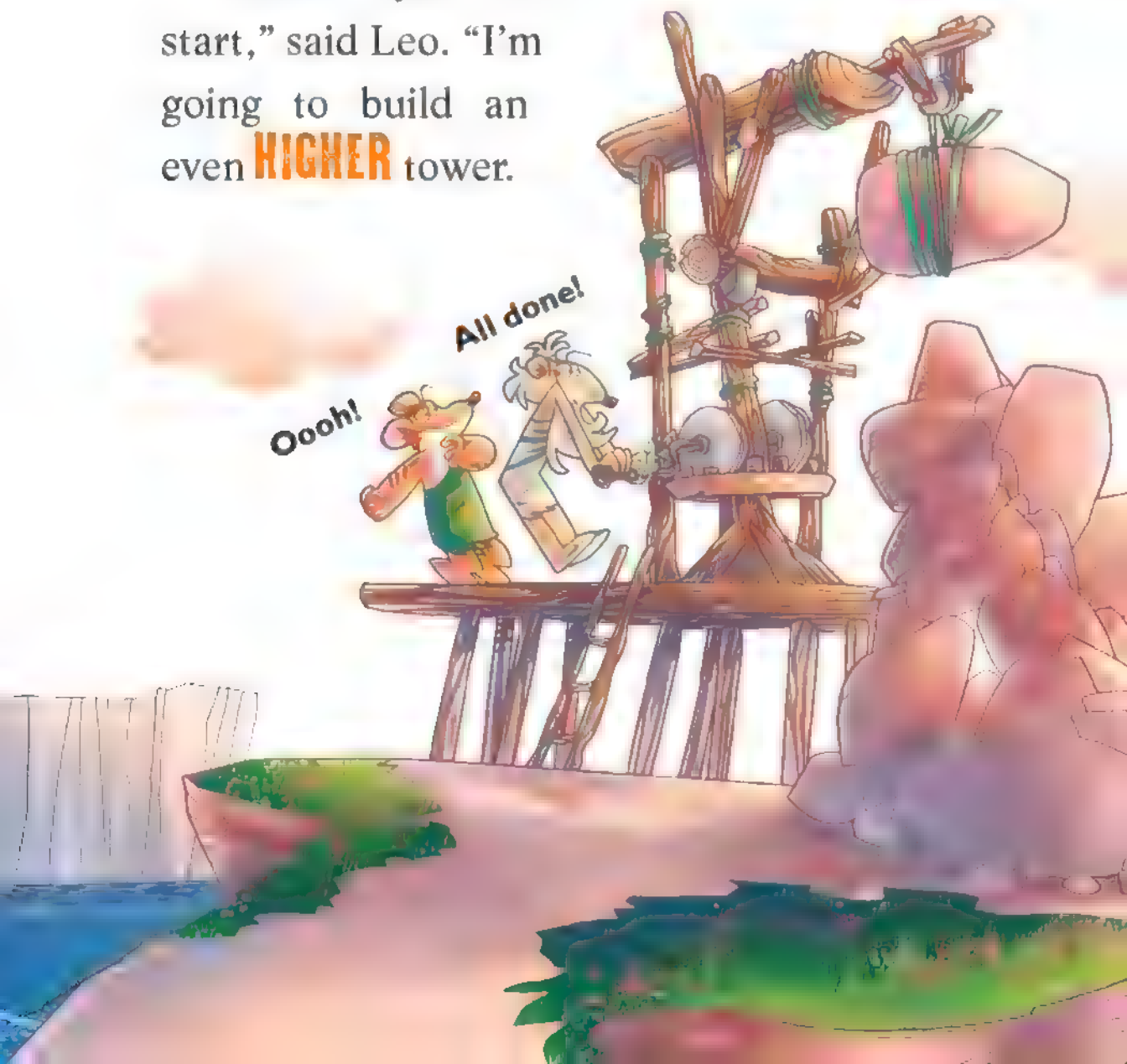




that hung from a pulley overhead began to **rise**.

Then Leo moved a lever, placing the boulder on top of a **TALL** pile of rocks.

“This is just the start,” said Leo. “I’m going to build an even **HIGHER** tower.”





Then I'll light a **FIRE** on top of it. That way, anyone using boats on the river at **NIGHT** can see where they're going!"

That was a **brilliant** idea! And it was Leo's first **really useful** invention.

**WE FINALLY HAD A
MOUSETASTIC NEWS SCOOP!**

EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

I ran to tell Thea and Hercule. Thea got busy **chiseling** the article. I interviewed Leo Edistone and chiseled a picture of the Boulder Builder. My sister finished writing just as the **sun** was setting. We had to get the story out **quickly**, before the award was announced!

Thea stayed behind while Hercule and I jumped on Grunty's back and **rushed** to Old Mouse City. Suddenly, I saw Hercule's eyes get very **WIDE**.

"Put your head **down**, Geronimo!" he ordered.



SWOOOOOOOSH!!

What? Where? Who?

Great rocky boulders, something was flying right over our heads! Whiskers trembling, I looked up and saw a pterodactyl. It was **Zippa**, one of the fire guardians of Old Mouse City.

Every day after **sunset**, Zippa and her partner, Scorch, light the torches in the city that **illuminate** the streets.





Huh?



Zippa,
let's go!

OSHNN

Hercule and I followed the glowing torches to Singing Rock Square. Although the city was **LIT UP**

for the night, we could not see a **SINGLE MOUSE** anywhere! I had to do something to get their attention, so

I began to **SCREAM** like a shrieker:

"EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE STONE GAZETTE! LEO EDISTONE INVENTS SOMETHING USEFUL!"



I repeated this a few times, but not a single rodent came out of their cave. Not one!

"Can't anyone hear me?" I yelled.

"Leave it to me," said Hercule.

He cleared his throat and began to scream like a rat in a trap:

"LOOK AT THIS! A HUGE HUNK OF PARMESAN CHEESE! LET'S NOT TELL ANYONE ELSE ABOUT IT!"

Right away, a wave of rodents spilled into the square. Their noses **twitched** and their mouths **WATERED** in anticipation of eating the delicious cheese.

"WHERE'S THE PARMESAN?"

"GIVE US THE CHEESE!"



EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

"cheese! cheese! cheese!"

they all chanted.

BONES AND STONES, WHAT NOW?

There was no cheese!





But Hercule seemed to have the situation under control.

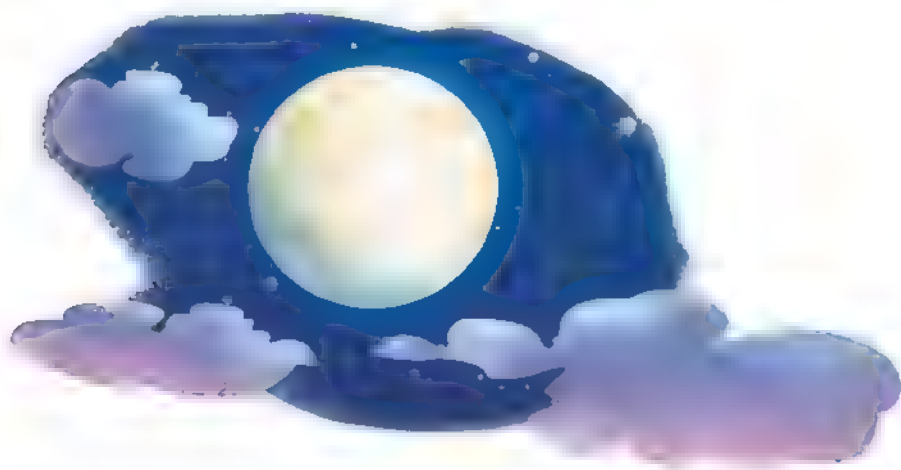
He stepped in front of the crazed crowd and pointed to the **sky** with an innocent look on his face.





“Up there, look!” he cried. “It’s **enormouse** . . . it’s **COLOSSAL** . . . it’s **MASSIVE!**”

The rodents looked up, but all they could see was the round, full moon.



“But that’s the **MOON!**” said Ernest Heftymouse. “Hercule, are you feeling okay?”

“I’m fine! I’m just really excited because . . . because — here!” Hercule cried, snatching *The Stone Gazette* tablet from my paw.



Then he began to shout.

"READ ALL ABOUT IT! LEO
EDISTONE HAS FINALLY INVENTED
SOMETHING USEFUL! IT WILL
HELP ALL CAVEMICE! DETAILS IN
THE STONE GAZETTE!"

AND THE WINNER IS . . .

The citizens of Old Mouse City **LOOKED** at one another in amazement.

“Did we hear that right?”

“Something **useful**?”

“By Leo Edistone?”

That’s when **sally** showed up. She snatched the tablet and read the article out loud all in one breath. Then she went pale, then purple, and then green — as green as an angry **T. REX**!

“How did I not know about this? This piece of news is **definitely** fake!” she cried out in rage.

“Tsk! Tsk! Look who’s talking about fake



news,” Hercule remarked.

“Listen up! There’s an easy way to settle this,” said Ernest. “Let’s find **LEO EDISTONE** and see for ourselves!”

Hercule nodded. “Everyone to the river!”

We headed out with a small **crowd** of rodents marching behind us. When we arrived, we saw that Leo had finished his **TOWER** and lit a lively **FIRE** on its top. The village leader was speechless.

“This really *is* useful!” he said.

Leo nodded. “Yes! From now on, the boats traveling





at night will **SEE** perfectly where they're going."

The **CAVEHICE** broke into a thunderous applause. Ernest cleared his throat.

"Seeing the importance of the tower and the fact that Leo Edistone has finally invented something useful . . ." he began. Everyone's ears twitched as they listened carefully while Sally **SIZZLED** with anger.

"I proclaim *The Stone Gazette* and its publisher, Geronimo Stiltonoot, **winner** of the Stone Age Ratitzer!"

The applause got even **louder**, and it was directed at me! Right at me! I became as **red** as a Paleozoic pepper. I can be a rather **shy** mouse at times.

We all began to **celebrate**. Some rodents hugged Hercule, who melted like cheese in the summer sun. Grunty

started **JUMPING**
up and down
happily, and then
began to **HOP**
around like a
kangaroosaurus.
Then, suddenly,
Gruntz stopped
hopping. He scratched his nose, and . . .



**“AAAHH . . . AAAHH . . .
AAAAAAACHOOOOO!”**

He exploded into the biggest sneeze the
Stone Age had ever heard.

What a truly **MEGALITHIC** sneeze it was! It
flew through the crowd like a **HURRICANE**
WIND, sweeping hats right off the heads of
rodents.



WAAACHOOO!

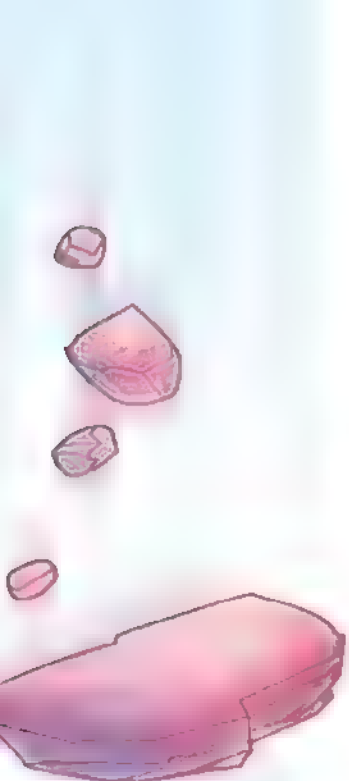
Heeelp!

Out of the way!



Huh?

Run for your life!

An illustration showing several large, reddish-brown rocks falling from the top left corner of the page. One large rock is in the foreground, and several smaller ones are scattered above it.

And then Leo Edystone's tower began to **wobble**. Then it began to shake. It shook and shook and shook some more . . . until the boulders began **TUMBLING** down! We all ran, desperate to not go extinct, as the tower **crashed** to the ground around us.

BONK! A boulder hit me on the tail.

BONK! A rock landed on Hercule's **skull**.



Another rock missed Ernest Heftymouse by a whisker . . . but only because he dove into the river.

Leo Edistone's only useful invention came down with a colossal **crash**. The very last boulder fell right on top of the Boulder Builder! It was **smashed** into a million pieces.

HOLEY BOULDERS! WHAT A MEGALITHIC DISASTER!

When Leo emerged from under a pile of **rubble**, massaging his lumpy head, he said, "I think I have to tweak my invention just a smidge."

"A **smidge**?" I yelled. "I think you'll have to do a ton of work, you useless inventor!"



“Leo, your invention is no invention!” added Ernest. “And that’s not a Boulder Builder. It’s a **bone buster!**”

It was also a story buster, as far as I was concerned, because our **big scoop** was now a **big bust!**

“Listen up, citizens of Old Mouse City!” Ernest cried. “Seeing that Leo’s invention is not useful at all, Stiltonoot’s story is **no GOOD**. The Stone Age Ratitzer Award goes to Gossip Radio for its big story about the end of the **rainbow!**”

Sally Rockmousen’s **GRIN** spread wide across her snout.

“Let’s hear some **applause!**” she called out as four rodents dragged the heavy Ratitzer Award to her. “Give a cheer to the most **skilled, brilliant,** and **ACCURATE JOURNALIST** in Old Mouse City: me!”

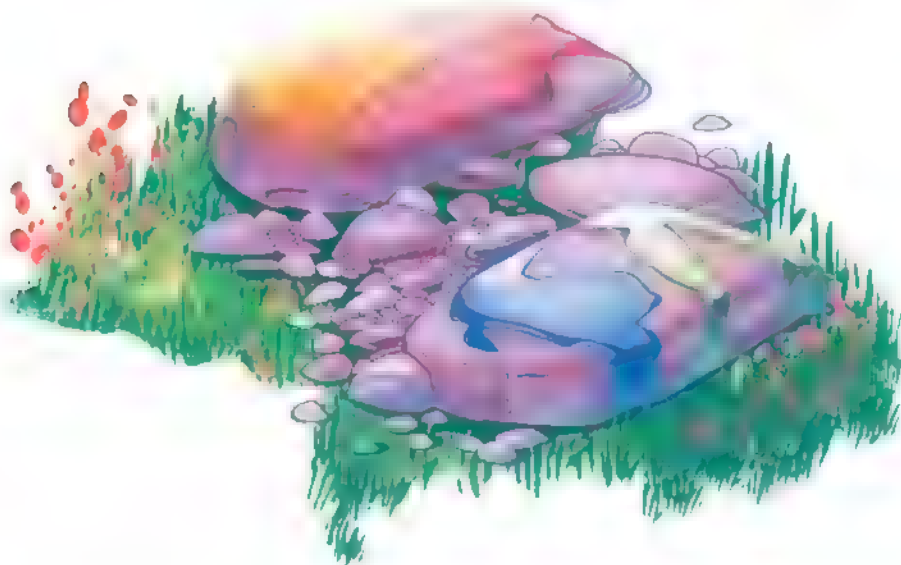


I rolled my eyes. But then Hercule noticed something in the pile of rubble. “**Well, well, well.** Isn’t this the stone that was found at the end of the rainbow?”

**NOW WE'VE SEEN
EVERYTHING!**

**FOSSILIZED FETAL!
HERCULE WAS RIGHT!**

There among the fallen **rubble** of stones from Leo's tower was a stone smeared with the **COLORS** of the rainbow. It looked just like the slab discovered by Sally!





“Here’s **another** one!” cried Thea.

“There’s another one **down** there,” said another rodent.

“I see one **up** there!” cried a third.

We were all dumbfounded.

“I can explain,” said Leo Edistone. “I found those stones right over there, in that **grove**.”

He pointed to a group of **short trees** growing on the riverbank. Intrigued, we all walked over to them. Each of the small, **SLENDER** trees was laden with a **round fruit** I hadn’t seen before.

Professor Fred Flowerfur stepped out of the crowd and examined the trees. He began to nod like he was very **impressed**.

“Ooh, these are rare examples of the **rainbow tree**,” said Fred. “And these are its fruits. Look!”







Large **multicolored berries** hung from the tree's branches.

"The tree gets its name from the berries," Fred explained. "The juices of the berries are the **COLORS** of the rainbow. The fallen berries must have stained the stones that Leo found."

"Very interesting," said Hercule. "And do the trees grow only **here**, by the riverbank?"

Fred nodded. "Yes."

"And they wouldn't **grow** in the town square?" Hercule asked.

"No, of course not," Fred replied.

"Aha!" said Hercule. He spun around and pointed at Sally. "That means that your 'witnesses' were **LYING!** They did not see the rainbow end in the town square. They picked up one of these **BERRY-STAINED** rocks and brought it there!"



The crowd **gasp**ed.

“Ridiculous!” fumed Sally. “I am *extremely* *honest*! I would never **LIE** about a story!”

Then I remembered how her witnesses had been **hi**ding their paws. I saw them **skulking** behind Sally.

“You there! Show us your 🐾🐾🐾🐾!” I demanded.

“Yes, show us your paws!” the crowd yelled.

Sally glared at the three rodents, but the crowd was too much for them. They held out their paws — which were **STAINED** with rainbow colors!

The crowd gasped again.

“These so-called witnesses must have **dragged** the stone to the town square,” said Hercule. “It’s proof that Sally was lying!”

THE RAINBOW TREE

APPEARANCE: THIN TRUNK
WITH LARGE LEAVES

USES: THE LARGE LEAVES
ARE PERFECT FOR
SHADING A HAMMOCK AND
TAKING A NAP.

FRUIT: LARGE
MULTICOLORED BERRIES.
NOBODY HAS TASTED
THEM YET — VOLUNTEERS
ARE WELCOME!



HABITAT: THE RAINBOW TREE PREFERS A
COOL, WET ENVIRONMENT, LIKE THE BANK OF
A RIVER OR SHORE OF A LAKE.

DREAM: TO PAINT ALL THE GRAY STONES OF
THE WORLD WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL COLORS!



Ernest Heftymouse cleared his throat. "The Ratitzer cannot be given to a fraud. Therefore, the award goes to . . . um . . . **FRED FLOWERFUR!**"

Puzzled, the crowd just stared at him.

"I mean, um, the **AWARD** actually goes to, um, the rainbow tree!" Ernest said. "I mean, the rainbow! I mean, um, we're all winners . . ."

"What are you **babbling** about, dear?" interrupted his wife, Chattina Heftymouse.

You must know that **Chattina** is a rather large rodent, and she can be very, very, very persuasive. She immediately took the matter into her own meaty paws.

"Listen up, everybody!" she called out. "Thanks to the **discovery** of the rainbow tree, the Stiltonoots have proved that Sally's big news item was **fake**. The Stone Age





Ratitzer Award, therefore, goes to *The Stone Gazette* for their **scoop** on the rainbow tree and for unmasking Sally as a **fraud!**"

The cavemice burst into applause.

"BRAAAAAAAVO!"

everyone cheered.

Ernest Heftymouse motioned for the **AWARD** to be brought to me, Thea, and Hercule.

The village leader was pretty confused by now. "Um, congratulations to all the Stiltonoots! **Happy birthday!** I mean, um, **BON VOYAGE!** No, wait, I mean, um, **happy anniversary!**"

**BONES AND STONES! HEFTYMOUSE
WAS TALKING NONSENSE!**



But that didn't matter. Because we had done it! *The Stone Gazette* had finally **won** the Stone Age Ratitzer Award, the most important journalism award in the Stone Age. For real, this time!

And so, after accepting the award, Thea and I **lifted it up** to celebrate our victory. Actually, we *tried* to lift it up, but it was really **VERY HEAVY**. Humph!



THREE CHEERS FOR GERONIMO!

Then the **crowd** picked us up.

“Three cheers for *The Stone Gazette*!
Hip, hip, hooray!” they all shouted as
they threw us in the air.





I closed my eyes in **TERROR** and **FLAILED** my arms as I soared through the air. Thea, instead, hovered with the grace of a prehistoric butterfly. Hercule watched with a smile on his snout, satisfied that he had helped us with his detective skills.

The party continued deep into the night, and when it was over, we were exhausted! We hoped the rodents who had presented us with the Ratitzer Award would carry it for us, but they were **sound asleep**. So we had to drag it to our office (with some help from Grunty and Leo Edistone).

TRUST ME, IT WAS A COLOSSAL EFFORT!

When we finally got to *The Stone Gazette*, the sun was starting to rise.

We collapsed on the floor, exhausted.



“So much for the Boulder Builder,” said Leo, **panting**. “My next invention will be a Boulder Carrier!”

“Bouncing bananas!” cried Hercule. “Tell me as soon as you’ve invented it. **I’ll be the first one to use it!**”

But Leo Edystone wasn’t listening anymore. He had instantly fallen asleep and





was **snoring** so loudly, we had to leave the office!

As we made our way home, our bones **ached** from exhaustion and our legs felt as **mushy** as cottage cheese. We **YAWNED** again and again as we dragged ourselves through the dark streets of Old Mouse City.

We parted at Thea's cave. Hercule waved good night, and I walked over to Grunty. He wasn't the most lovable **DINOSAUR** in the land, but without him and his megalithic sneeze, we wouldn't have uncovered Sally's fraud.

"Thanks, **GRUNTY**," I said. "You've been a big help. I really mean it."

He smiled, and I began to pet him like he was a big, **sweet** puppy.

And then Grunty inhaled so deeply that his face looked like a balloon.



"AAAAAAAH . . .
AAAAAAAH . . ."

"No, no, no!" I cried.

"AAAAACHOOOOO!"

Another sneeze struck me full in the face, messing up my whiskers and almost ripping off my **clothing**! Gross!

And then I felt my nose twitch. Oh no . . .

"**AAACHOOO!**" I sneezed.

Petrified provolone! Now I had a **cold**, too! Grunty laughed, and I had the overwhelming urge to turn him into megalithic meatballs. But I was soooo **tired** and starting to feel miserable. So with a runny snout and one **sneeze** after another, I went back to my cave.

Still, I was in a pretty **good mood**. After all, with all the meteorites, earthquakes,



T. rexes, and saber-toothed tigers, there are far worse problems in the Stone Age than a **cold!**

And that's the scoop, from . . .

AAAACHOOO!

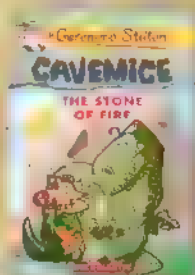
Excuse me. From . . .

**Geronimo Stiltonoot,
cavemouse!**





Don't miss any adventures
of the cavemice!



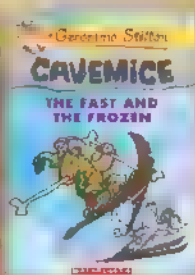
#1 The Stone of Fire



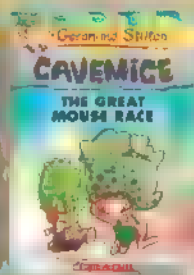
#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and
the Frozen



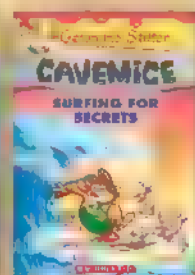
#5 The Great Mouse
Race



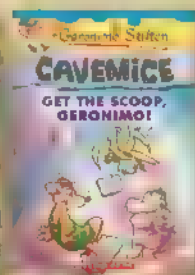
#6 Don't Wake the
Dinosaur!



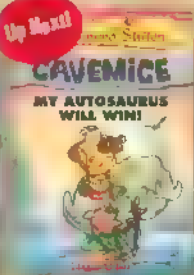
#7 I'm a Scaredy-Mouse!



#8 Surfing for Secrets



#9 Get the Scoop,
Geronimo!



#10 My Autosaurus
Will Win!

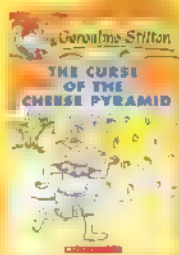
Up Next!



**Be sure to read all my
fabumouse adventures!**



#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



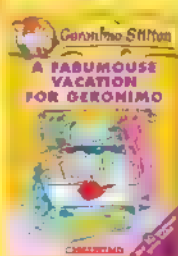
#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Coast



#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



#13 The Phantom of the Subway



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



#15 The Mona Mousa Code



#16 A Cheese-Colored Compor



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



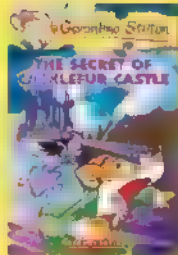
#19 My Name is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



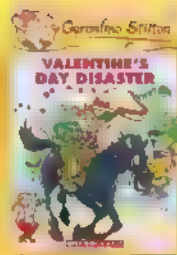
#21 The Wild, Wild West



#22 The Secret of Cocklebur Castle



A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crashers



#29 Down and Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



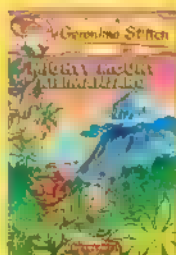
#38 A Fabumous School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



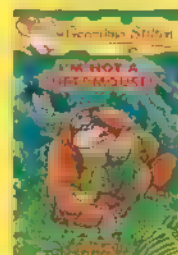
#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



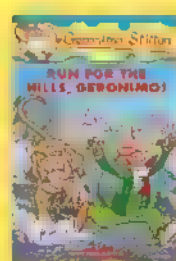
#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



#48 The Mystery in Venice



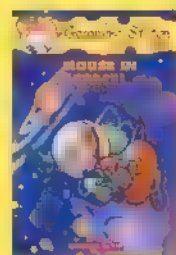
#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormous Pearl Hoist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bird!



The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



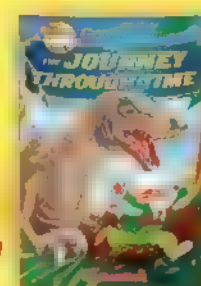
#61 Mouse House Hunter



#62 Mouse Overboard!



**Don't miss
my journeys
through time!**



Meet GERONIMO STILTONix



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!



#1 Alien Escape



#2 You're Mine, Captain!



#3 Ice Planet Adventure



#4 The Galactic Goal



#5 Rescue Rebellion



#6 The Underwater Planet



**Don't miss any of
these exciting Thea
Sisters adventures!**



**Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret City**



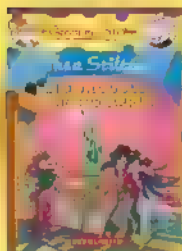
**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris**



**Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways**



**Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle**



**Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt**



**Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald**



**Thea Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express**



**Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows**



**Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire Flowers**



**Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission**



**Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den**



**Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist**



**Thea Stilton and the
Chocolate Sabotage**



**Thea Stilton and the
Missing Myth**



**Thea Stilton and the
Lost Letters**



**Thea Stilton and the
Tropical Treasure**

Old Mouse City

(MOUSE ISLAND)

GOSSIP
RADIO

THE CAVE OF
MEMORIES

THE STONE
GAZETTE

TRAP'S HOUSE

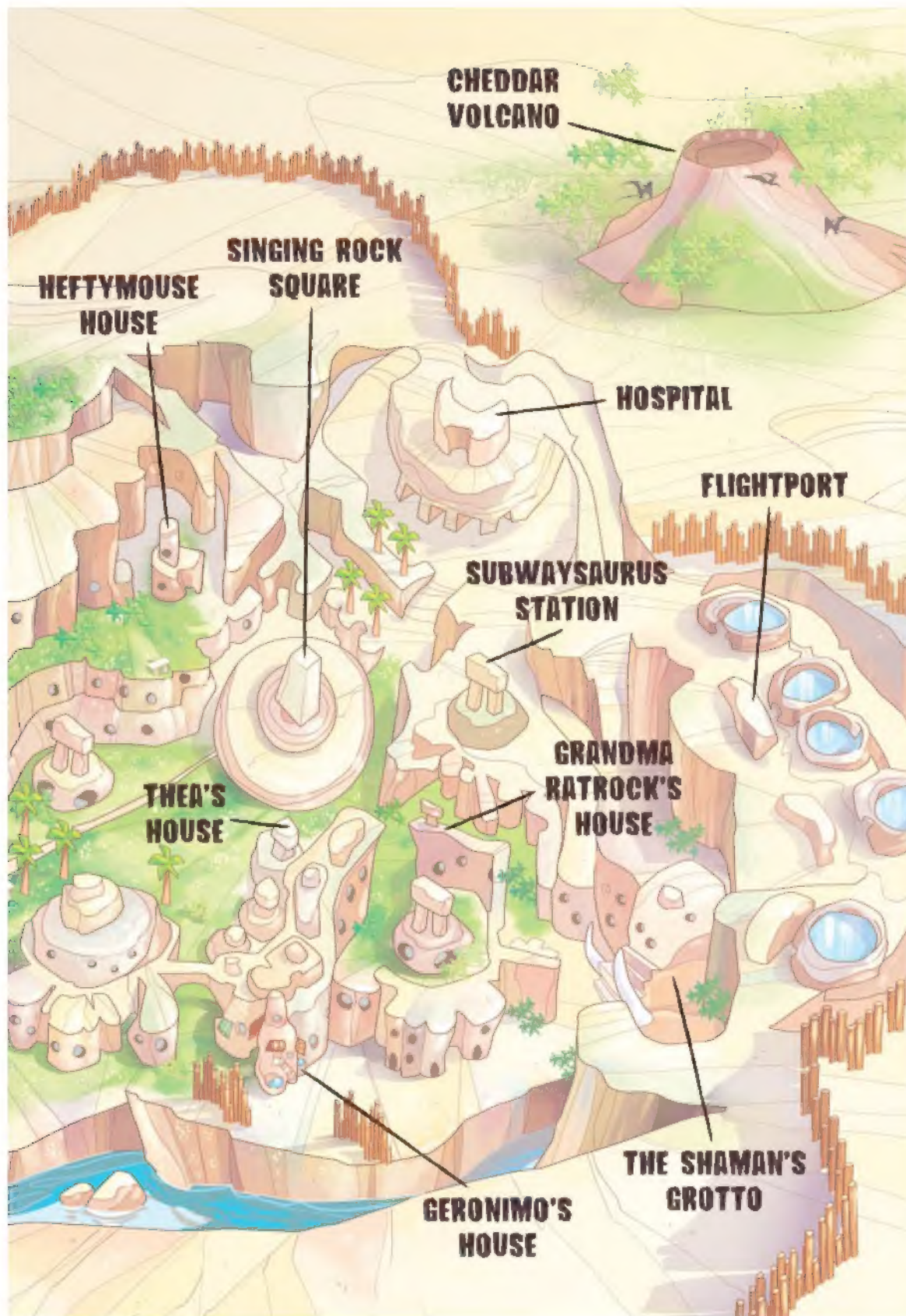
THE ROTTEN
TOOTH TAVERN

LIBERTY
ROCK

DINO
RIVER

UGH UGH
CABIN





**DEAR MOUSE FRIENDS,
THANKS FOR READING,
AND GOOD-BYE UNTIL
THE NEXT BOOK!**



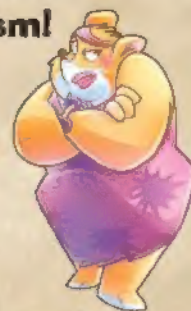
WHO IS GERONIMO STILTONOOT?



He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!

GET THE SCOOP, GERONIMO!

Geronimo Stiltonoot and *The Stone Gazette* are in the running for the Stone Age Ratitzer: the award for the best prehistoric journalism! But their main competition is Sally Rockmousen, the ruthless host of Gossip Radio—and she'll stop at nothing to win. Can Geronimo sniff out a scoop in time to defeat her?



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